#### FIGHTING THEM OVER.

What Our Veterans Have to Say About

Their Old Campaigns.

THE SABER BRIGADE.

An Expedition for the Relief of Part of Rey nolds's Division.

ROM the 14th of March to the 2d of April, 1863, the Saber Brigade was engaged in several short expeditionsnotably one on March 20 to relieve the Second Brigade of Gen. Reynolds's Division, which was surrounded by Gen. Morgan's force | self with a furlough and passes, and in a few at Milton, about 10 miles southeast from Mur- days started for Chattanooga. When within

It having been determined to drive John Morgan from his stronghold at Snow Hill, south commanding, to whom he presented his of Liberty, Gen. Stanley organized an expedi-

tion for that purpose, On the morning of April 2, Gen. Stanley or-

rapidly for Liberty. The enemy's pickets were met at Anburn, and were driven to Prosperity Church by the I have been a prisoner at Andersonville. This advance-guard. Here we met a strong force holding a good position on ligh ground on the southwest bank of Smith's Creek. The enemy, assuming the offensive, moved

a force up the left bank of the creek, threatening an attack on my left. I sent Col. Paramore with his brigade-1st, 2d, and 3d Objo-against this force, which fell back before him. As Paramore advanced he in turn threatened the waver perceptibly.

I directed Lieut. Newell to open fire with skirmishers and sharpshooters from the woods | and told him to go on his way. bordering the creek. At this moment Gen. Stanley arrived on the

fell back towards Liberty. I occupied their position, on which I bivonacked that night. Early on April 3 Gen. Stanley ordered a forward movement. With my own brigade I advanced directly up the valley, and quickly drove the rebels through Liberty. They made a stand short distance south of the village, on the foothills, with a creek in front of their position. I directed Col. Paramore with the Second Bri-

the left flank of the rebel position. Morgan at once fell back. I followed him a valley parallel to the one I was in, and to | gade." keep in line with my brigade.

About half a mile from the foot of Snow Hill Morgan again attempted to make a stand. He occupied a formidable position, and opened fire from two batteries in earthworks a short distance up the hill. The 4th Mich, dismounted, and pressed forward into the woods on the billside, in front of the enemy's left, and was sup- would willingly serve under." ported by the 5th Tenn. The 7th Pa, advanced directly up the road, slowly followed by the 10th Ohio and the section of artillery.

The fire of the 4th Mich, was proving very effective on the rebel line. I ordered the 7th Pa. to charge, which that regiment, led by Lieut. Col. Sipes, did in its customary gallant and dashing style. The rebels did not wait for the rencounter, but fell back rapidly to their position on Snow Hill.

I deployed the 10th Ohio, and moved it up the face of the hill, placed the artillery in position to shell the rebel batteries, and with the 4th Mich., 5th Tenn., and 7th Pa. moved rapidly up Dry Run, endeavoring to get in Morgan's rear, and to cut off his retreat. As I moved forward Morgan abandoned his position and retreated

rapidly to McMinnville. This was the same force which had surrounded and attempted to capture Col. Hall's Brigade at Milton on the 20th of March, and numbered 2,250 men, with six pieces of artillery. The infantry and the Second Cavalry Bri-

made a circuit through Alexandria, Cherry Valley, Cainsville, Statesville, Lebanon, and m., April 6. We buried 17 Confederate dead, and brought

in 65 prisoners and 357 horses and mules. The total loss in the cavalry were two men wounded in the 4th Mich., and one killed and two wounded in the 7th Pa. On April 9 Gen. Stanley marched for Frank-

lin to reinforce Gen. Gordon Granger, who was threatened by the rebel Gen. Van Dorn. with 10,000 cavalry and mounted infantry. For the only time in the history of the "Saber Brigade" it went on an expedition

leaving me in camp. I was under the Surgeon's care, and unable to go with it. After Stanley's arrival at Franklin Granger's force mustered about 5,000 infantry and 2,700 her from proceeding on her course. At the

Gen, Stanley crossed the Harpeth River, and truck the enemy in flank. The 4th U. S. Cav.

made a gallant charge and captured Freeman's Armstrong's rebel brigade made a countercharge and recaptured it. Vale, in "Minty and the Cavalry," pages 145 and 146, gives the following description of

this affair: "Gen, Stanley crossed the Harpeth northeast of the town and engaged the enemy under Col. Starnes, whose force on that part of the field consisted of his own brigade and Freeman's battery of four pieces. The 4th Cav. dashed upon the center of Starnes's line, broke it, driving it demoralized from the field; then charged upon the battery. A short but desperate encounter took place over the guns. Freeman, knowing that Forrest's whole force was at hand, encouraged his men to fight to the last, and when completely overpowered endeavored to retreat with two of his guns. Lieut Rendlebrook, with two companies, dashed after and soon overtaking him demanded his own. and the surrender of his guns. Freeman re- The Noble and Self-Sacrificing Character of fused, and urged his horses on, firing his revolver almost in the face of the Lieutenant. At his third shot Serg't-Maj. Strickland, with a single shot from his revolver, laid him dead on the road. The guns were brought back to where the other portion of the battery was in possession of the 4th.

"Forrest promptly rallied his command and attacked the 4th with Armstrong's Brigade. The 4th, being entirely unsupported, retreated, when nearly surrounded, to the north side of the river, abandoning, after disabling, the captured guns. The rebel loss in this engagement was 57 killed and over 150 wounded and captured. Most of the wounded prisoners were recaptured when the regiment retreated, but the 4th brought out 48 unwounded. The 4th lost five men killed and

Gen. Stanley reported particulars of this af-"If Minty is well enough, send him to me. If out those guns."

Gen. Rosecrans sent for me and handed me the telegram, which I read and handed back, saying: "General, I am ready." An hour later, with a couple of Orderlies, my servant and horses, I was on my way to Nashville by rail. At Nashville I was transferred to the Nashville & Decatur Road, and early next day, April 12, I reported to Gen. Stanley at Franklin; but Van Dorn had fallen back to Columbia, south of Duck River, during the night, and there was no enemy near us.

Van Horne, in his "History of the Army of the Cumberland," Vol. I, pages 296-7, says: "Gen. Stanley crossed the river and struck the enemy in flank, but was subsequently forced to recross. Having met such opposition before reaching Franklin, Gen. Van Dorn retreated

without making a general attack. The command returned to Murfreesboro, arriving on the evening of April 17. The death of Capt. Freeman, who was a gallant soldier, would have been a very serious matter for Serg't-Maj. Strickland if the enemy could have captured and identified him. Vale, pages 146-7-8, after telling of the killing of Freeman, says: "As was the custom of the rebels after meeting a mishap, they in this instance, invented a cock and bull story to the effect that Capt. Freeman was murdered by an officer of the 4th after he had surrendered, and while s prisoner in their hands, on their retreat; the object being to give a color of excuse for strocities committed by themselves, and to create a bitter, blood-thirsty feeling on the part of their soldiers against efficient cavalry regiments in general and the 4th Regulars in

Serg't-Maj, Strickland killed Capt, Freeman in a fair fight, and Capt. Freeman's bravery of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I

perpetuate his memory The report was, however, assiduously circulated and generally believed in Forrest's com- | Noves, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

mand, and on two notable occasions afterwards Forrest's men refused to take any of the learned that it was the Sergeant-Major of the regiment who killed Freeman, and they threatened to hang him if they ever caught

During the Atlanta campaign, Strickland's term of service expired, and he was discharged. He was a perfect penman, and was at once engaged as a clerk in the Quartermaster's Department, soon after which he was taken prisoner and sent to Andersonville, Ga. He claimed to be Sergeant-Major of the 4th Mich. Cav., in order to prevent his being identified. He escaped from Andersonville seven times; three times he was pulled down by bloodhounds, and, if living, carries the marks of the hound's teeth on his shoulders and arms to this

day. The seventh time, he arrived at Atlanta, where he expected to find Union forces; but, Sherman having gone on his "March to the Sea," the rebels were in possession. He procured a Confederate uniform and supplied himsight of that place he was picked up by a rebel cavalry scout and taken before the Major them and laughed, saying: "I know the signatures of these officers; these are well done, dered me to take the advance with the First but they are forgeries." Strickland broke and Second Brigades of Cavalry, and to march | down at this, and, sitting down on a stone, cried like a child. He then said: "Major, I am the Sergeant-Major of the 4th Mich. Cav.; is the seventh time I have escaped. I have been run down three times by bloodhounds and three times before this captured in other ways, and now, within sight of a Union garrison, I am captured the seventh time: I tell you, it is enough to unman any one." The Major looked at him a moment, and said: "I have been fighting for the Confederacy for nearly four years; have met your regiment often;

right of the reled position, causing them to your men are good soldiers and treat your prisoners well, and I won't send you back to that - place again; besides, the war is nearly his two guns; a battalion of the 4th Mich. dis- over, and you cannot do us much harm, anymounted and quickly dislodged the enemy's | way." And writing a pass handed it to him, Several years after the close of the war Strickland called on me in Michigan; it was the first time I had seen him since his capture. field with a division of infantry, and Morgan He gave me a full account of the horrors of

Andersonville and of his wonderful escapes therefrom; but he had lost the pass given to him by the Confederate Major, and could not give me his name. I regret this, for I should like every comrade to know the name of one who, although fighting on the wrong side, was "every inch a soldier." Such men and such acts are an honor to humanity. gade to cross the creek higher up, and to turn

On the return of the cavalry to Murfreesboro the 4th U. S. Cav., which, up to this time had been acting under direct orders from the Chief closely, and ordered Col. Paramore to move up of Cavalry, was assigned to the "Saber Bri-Capt. Elmer Otis, now a Colonel in the Regu-

lar Army, then commanding the regiment, reported to me, and was assigned camping-ground with the brigade. Capt. Otis, after reporting to me, said: "Col. Minty, you must allow me to say that you are the only volunteer officer in the army whom I

I tliink the Regulars, at first, felt a little sore to serve under a volunteer, but this did not last long. The regiment was composed of as gallant a body of officers and soldiers as ever mounted horse or drew saber, and were soon proud of their brigade, proud of the regiments composing it, and proud of the soldier-like work achieved by it.-ROBERT H. G. MINTY. Brevet Major-General, U. S. Vols., Ogden, Utah.

ALL HANDS ON DECK. For the Eye of the Crew of the Itasca, 1864-1865.

D. JOHNSON, Hollow P. O., St. Louis County, Mo., who served as landsman on the brigantine steamer Itasca, from about April 16, 1864, till March 26, 1865, under the name of Henry Smith, desires to hear from some of his former shipmates. He should be very glad to be gade returned directly to Murfreesboro, while able to renew old friendships and at the same time obtain more testimony in his pension case. Any communication addressed to Beard's Mill, arriving at Murfreesboro at 8 p. bim by letter will be met with a prompt and most cordial reply.

All hands will, for instance, well remember

the great conflagration that threatened to sweep over the whole deck of the Itasea, off Galveston, one fine day, when every man and boy was at his station and doing his utmost to conquer the flames, which at times formed a little hell. Happily, the brave crew subdued the fire after several hours of the most exhaustive exertion. It will also be remembered that some time after this hot affair the Itasca was bound for New Orleans, in order to be repaired there. When nearing the mouth of the Mississippi she was compelled to auchor, one of the densest and most impenetrable fogs imaginable preventing same time a storm arose that was so violent that she had just enough to do to maintain her equilibrium. It was only by great exertion and skillful arrangement that she was saved battery; but before they could bring it off from a watery grave. Finally, after about 24 hours or so, she was safely piloted up the mighty river and reached her destination. It must, however, not be forgotten that while she was going up stream she happened to collide with a vessel loaded with cotton. Upon suspicion of being a rebel, and with joyous expectation of prize-money, she was taken up to New Orleans. Alas, everyone found himself disappointed. Her papers were found all right, She was no rebel at all. These few events in the Itasca's history may suffice to show any of her survivors that the writer himself is one of them. He hopes, however, that others may write a great deal more about the Itasca. Shipmates, write soon.-H. D. Johnson, Hollow,

LOYAL ARKANSANS.

Her Union Soldiers.

The following are extracts from a letter of Capt. Thos. Boles, of Fort Smith, Ark., formerly of the 3d Ark. Cav .:

"Among them were men from all the learned professions, the teacher, the minister of the Gospel, the doctor, and the lawyer, as well as men in all the lines of useful industry, and all were men in whose bosoms glowed a love for National Unity and the old flag, from which they could not be pursuaded, dragged or forced by State and Confederate authority and power combined, which surrounded them on all sides. They took their stand for the Union, not because their State went that way, for it went for the rebellion, and with all its power tried to compel them to do so too; but they were for organizations, not one of them was drafted he had been here to-day we would have brought and although I enlisted a considerable number of them. I never heard of one who asked any-

thing about bounty before his enlistment. "It is true they were not clad in raiment of purple and fine linen, nor had they for months before had at their services any first-class tonsorial artist nor Turkish baths. They had for months been in the fastnesses of the pine-clad hills of their native State, holding at bay organized rebellion, with but little organization on their part; with no tents and but scant bedding, they hovered around the pine-knot fire, the smoke of which did not polish them for a drawing-room, unless they were expected to harmonize with the stovepipe.

"Those in the South who were then and for several years afterwards our bitter enemies. sought to make the impression that all the decency and respectability of the South went into the rebellion, and that only the rough, reckless, and law-defying class adhered to the cause of the Nation, and I am sorry to say that too many of those who ought to be our friends seem to have taken these false assertions to be true. And many of our friends, during and since the war, have acted in that way, and, especially since the war, have industriously sought to confirm such slanders to serve their own interests at Washington. But the brave soldiers are firm still, for they know that 'Truth crushed to earth shall rise again.'

#### CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debitity and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands required no false statement, such as made, to will send free of charge to all who wish it this retions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by WITH THE SCOUTS.

4th U. S. Cav. prisoners. They in some way | Serg't Knight's Adventures in the Swamps of the Pamunkey. (Continued from last week.)

HE tension on my nerves, which had been considerably strained for the last 24 hours, had become relaxed, and I felt more like having fun than anyelse. When the Lieutenant said he would have to keep me until morning, it put a stop to all funny business, as far as I was concerned, and I told him it was his duty to either send or take me to Gen. Smith at once, and I also said that he would be very apt to get blamed for not doing it. A Sergeant in the party settled it when he said: "Yes, Lieutenant, you will get into trouble if you don't take

him to Gen. Smith at once." A guard was detailed, who surrounded me, and we set off across the fields. I don't know how often we were tripped up by the running blackberry or dewberry vines, but as near as I remember every one of the party were down more than once before we made the mile that separated us from the "White House," On our arrival Smith's tent had been pitched, and he had just lain down, when the Lientenant went in, and told him who I said I was, and he ordered him to bring me in immediately. When came in he said: "Who are you?" After telling him, his next question was: "When did you leave Gen, Grant?" Upon answering this his next was: "When did you leave his Headquarters?'

"At noon yesterday." "What have you been doing since?" I gave him an outline of my experience. and said I came out of the swamp since dark. "I beard the first whistle about four miles up the river. Here are three dispatches for you; the remainder go to Yorktown; please to look

Quartermasters. "Capt. ----," roared he. Capt. came into the tent. "Give this man the fastest boat you have got, and don't wait to unload

at this," handing him Col. Ingalls's order on

anvthing." Then to me: "I trust the remainder of your trip will be much pleasanter then the first part.

In a few minutes-not to exceed 20, I think-

was sound asleep on the steamer, and remained so until we reached Yorktown. The steamer landed me and went back immediately. Going first to the telegraph office I delivered the dispatches that had to be telegraphed; then to the postoffice and got rid of the remainder, together with the letters. The next thing in order was to find an eatinghouse, where I ordered a breakfast regardless of expense. After breakfast I concluded to replenish my wardrobe. Socks, drawers, and shirt had suffered in the swamp, and they were replaced by new ones. The shirt was gorgeous, French cashmere. I could not burden myself with anything except what I could wear, consequently only one article of a kind was purchased, with the exception of paper collars. They were something that one had to make some sacrifice for, and I laid in a supply of at least a dozen of "Gray's patent molded collar." After going to a barber-shop and getting my hair cut and a shave, I made my appearance in the streets of Yorktown. My wide-brimmed straw hat and purple coat made me a conspicuous object, even without the extra adornnents I had mounted and I was immediately surrounded by a crowd of both soldiers and officers, all eager for news. Somehow they had learned from the telegraph office that one of Grant's Headquarters scouts was in town, and they picked me out immediately as the man. No certain news for some time had they heard, and I was literally besieged. It happened that I had seen most of the fighting at Spotsylvania Courthouse; had seen Johnson's Division when they were taken out of the works, and ations in that neighborhood for several days which culminated in the fight of the 12th of May, 1864. I entertained them to the best of my ability for over an hour. I never saw men in my life so eager for news. I was really glad about 2 p. m. when the Quartermaster came and told me he had signaled a steamer going up the river to run in. She came and I went aboard the steamer Wyoming, Capt. Lyttleton S. Cropper, of Havre De Grace, Md. Capt. Cropper was as whole-souled, genial a man as I ever met, and his boat, which had double engines, was fitted up as a hospital boat. When Capt. Cropper learned who I was, there was nothing on board too good for me. My name, as well as all of the scouts at Headquarters, was entered on his log-book, and a signal was agreed upon

on board and make themselves known to him Some of them did go aboard of the Wyoming later, but who they were I have forgotten now, but I can remember they were loud in their praises of Capt. Cropper. There was a number of soldiers on board who were detailed as guards and nurses, under the charge of a Surgeon, whose name has escaped my memory. I subsequent to the close of the war, and one of and getting an enfilading fire at the Johnnies the men who was detailed, and serving on board on that trip. His name was Jones, and

by which he would know any of the boys who

might signal him from the shore, and he re-

quested me to inform them that he would al-

ways be pleased to have any of them come

he belonged in the town of Marcy, N. Y. The next day, early in the morning, I found House, and found that the Eighteenth Corps had gone forward the day before. Leaving the boat, I started on foot up toward Tunstall's Station. By the time I had gone three or four miles I came upon one of our cavalrymen, and from him learned that Gen. Gregg was not far away. Gen. Gregg was a man I was very anxious to see, and I took a good many steps in various directions, as I was told by several cavalrymen where they thought he could be seen. At last I found him. Showing him my pass, to let him know who I was, I asked him to Headquarters were to be found.

"See here," said he, "I have loaned you scouts horses before, and never saw them

"Well, General, you never loaned me one, "No. I never did, and don't think I ever will. You people get a horse, and that is the covered a space a foot square. Where broken, the 77th boys-Lieut. John Eno, Ene Eno, last of him.

I could see by a twinkle in his eyes that he intended to let me have one, and pressed the request, saying: "You acknowledge you never let me have one. How is it possible for you to say you will never see him again. I will promise that he shall be returned as soon as it is possible to do so-in four or five days at the farthest." "Well, I suppose I will have to try you.

Now, if I don't get this horse back, it is the last time a scout ever gets one from me." Calling a man be ordered him to furnish me with a certain horse that I thought to myself | TIONAL TRIBUNE.] would be a small loss if he should never see the Union from convictions of their own. And to find Army Headquarters, he replied that he be it further said to the honor of the nearly had no idea, but the night before they were at fair to Gen. Rosecrans by telegraph, and added: 10,000 loyal white troops in the Arkansas loyal Old Church Tavern, which was several miles off. I saw no one that could give me the desired

information until I arrived at the tavern. The landlord was very surly, and would scarcely give me a civil answer, until my patience became exhausted, when I asked him which of two roads both in sight (I had come in on a third one) they took when they left his place either Brooks's or Howe's Divisions were at that morning, at the same time intimating that | that time. a civil and quick reply would be conducive to his well being. He very graciously pointed to the road that he said they had taken. I followed that road into the woods probably four miles, when shell began tearing through the tree-tops, and the farther I went the worse it got, until I became satisfied that the landlord

I remembered seeing a road about two miles back, leading to the left, and concluded to go back and try it. I had not gone far before I saw an infantry regiment come out of the woods and take the same direction on the same road that I was on. My horse soon overtook them, and turned out of the road of his own accord, and commenced passing them. We had passed over half the regiment before anyone pestowed more than a casual glance at us. At last a young fellow took a good look at the whole outfit, left the ranks, and ran toward the head of the regiment. Just before I came up I saw him speak to the Colonel. When I attempted to pass, the Colonel stopped me, and wanted to know who and what I was. I rode along by his side, and showed him my pass, which was written on a printed form; explained to him that I had just got back to the army, and was looking for Headquarters. The young soldier meanwhile was on the other side of the Colonel, and as soon as he discovered that his Colonel was satisfied with my explanation, he attempted to sneak back to his company. I saw the move and stopped him, and said: "I want to you are a tobacco user, want to quit, post yourself have a few words with you, young man." A about NO-TO-BAC, the wonderful, harmless, thanked him for what he had done, and told

the army without being stopped by anyone; that it appeared to me sometimes that they did not care whether a man was a spy or not, nor whether he found out what was going on, and went direct to the enemy and reported. I also told them that frequently I had heard other

scouts make the same complaint, and I said: Now, my young friend. I am glad to see that one man, at least, in this regiment cared enough to put himself to some trouble to find out whether I was a friend or an enemy." The sullen look had disappeared; he had expected a cursing, which I am sorry to say was what a private soldier got more of than was good for him. I found Headquarters in the course of a

couple of hours after leaving that regiment, which was an Ohio one. The battle of Cold Harbor was fought the next day, I think; if not on that day, within a couple or three days, at all events. How long the army stopped here after the 4th of June I can't remember. My old regiment (2d N. J.) went home from Cold Harbor, and a day or two afterward one of the guards at the "bull-pen," a member of the 20th N. Y., came to me and said: "There is a man in the bull-pen who says he belongs to your old regiment, and wants to see you.' I went back with him, when a young fellow who was on the inside of the line of guards | right to where the works were not so high. At pressed forward as far as the guard would let

him, and said: "Don't you know me, Ser-I took a good a good look at him, and answered: "No; I can't say that I do." Said he: "Sergeant, I used to belong to your

old regiment." "What company were you in?" "G, and yours was H.

"Yes; that is right. So you were in Capt. Close's company. How did you get in here? The regiment has gone home, and I can't see how you should be in the bull-pen." He then told me that he was in one of the Wilderness fights, and was wounded; had been sent to Washington to a hospital, and as soon as he could leave it applied to be sent to his regiment; had come down the Potomac to Port Royal, and had helped to guard a wagon-train from there to Army Headquarters; when he got there his regiment was gone. His story had not been believed, and he had brought up in the pen. After listening to his story he said ; "You remember me now, don't you, Ser-

geant?" I could not recollect him, and said so. Tears came into his eyes as I turned away and walked to Col. Sharp's tent, who at that time was Deputy Provost-Marshal-General of the Army of the Potomae. I went in and told the story to Sharp, and when I got through he said: "Do you remember him?"

"Hardly; but I know he tells the truth." "Well," said he, "it is a shame, and we will

have him out." He then wrote an order to turn the boy over to me, and told me to go and get him. When he came the Colonel questioned him a few minutes, gave him an order for transportation and the papers he would need to keep him out of trouble with military authorities, and turned him loose. He was one of the most grateful boys I ever saw. He was not over 21 years old. and lived in Bioomfield, N. J. His name has escaped my memory. Within a few days I got a chance to send the borrowed horse to Gen. Gregg, and did so .- Judson Knight, Washington, D. C.

[The end.]

THE BLOODY ANGLE. What a Comrade Remembers About the

Tree Cut by Minies. N answer to information asked by Comrade A. D. Springer, of Franklin, Ind., in the issue of Oct. 27, 1892, regarding the tree said to have been cut down by minieballs at the Bloody Augle, near Spottsvivania, could give a pretty good description of the oper- I think the following is very closely what a great many besides myself have seen and can say in regard to it. V

I was on detached duty at Gen. Ricketts's headquarters at the time, and on the morning after the fight at the Bloody Angle a squad of us went to see what some then called the 'slaughter-pen." We crossed a strip of low land about 100 yards in width, dotted on one side with clumps of small bushes, giving it a little the appearance that at some time it might have been the bed of a small stream of water, though now grown over with coarse grass; then up a slope for about the same distance, with a rise of about 15 feet, to the edge of a piece of woods. The rebel fortifications were just outside of this, the main line running parallel with the low land and the other going straight back into the woods, forming a square angle. The woods were mostly mediumsize trees, with no underbrush. The trees were considerably scattered for a few rods inside the works, but after this the woods were quite thick, with the ground having the appearance of a slight slope toward the rear. Many of the dead and dying still lay in and about the deep trench behind the works-in the trench there being three in depth in places. As we stood inside the angle some one mentioned the fact that during the fighting a battery of artillery had started up the slope for met the Surgeon afterward, several months | the purpose of planting its guns at the angle

in the trench, but every horse was shot down before reaching the top of the hill. The tree said to have been cut down by minie-balls stood about 50 feet back of either the Wyoming fast to the wharf at the White | side of the angle, was about 20 or 22 inches in diameter a couple of feet from the ground, and looked a little like a sycamore. Two shots from the artillery had struck it about 15 or 18 feet from the ground, one going exactly through its center and the other just aside of the firstthus, please notice, coming almost within an inch or so of completely demolishing the theory that "shells never strike the same place twice, because the first takes the place along with it." Whichever shot-solid shot or shell-struck last must have snapped off entirely the remainder of the tree; for the top seemed to have loan me a horse, and to tell me where Army come down butt-end first, striking a Johnny who was close behind the tree, and sinking him a foot or more into the soft earth-only his side, one arm, and legs being above ground. On the two sides facing the Union lines, the tree, from near the ground to where broken off, had been so riddled with bullets that I don't believe it had bark enough left to have is right. I was well acquainted with some of it appeared to be about 15 to 18 inches in

diameter. Gen. Grant, in his Memoirs, mentions this tree as having been cut down by minie-balls. I suppose he had not been informed of all the facts. Soon after the close of the war I heard that part of this tree had been taken to Washington.-W. H. SWAIL, Co. D, 10th Vt., Detroit,

[A section of this tree is in the Museum of the Ordnance Bureau of the War Department | ordered, and that is all that is required of a in Washington, and it shows plainly that it soldier. Comrades, the war is over, and with was cut down by minie bullets. - EDITOR NA. | victory perched on our flag the boys came march-

MARYE'S HIGHTS. A Comrade Tells what Howe's Division was

Doing in the Fight. your issue of Nov. 24, 1892, Corp'l Hutching the storming of Marye's Hights May 3, 1863, makes some very incorrect statements himself, showing that he does not know where

I do not know who was guarding pontoons at Franklin's Crossing, but I do know that Howe's Division was not. I also know that I belonged to Howe's Division, and know where it was and what it was doing, and if the Corporal had consulted the Official Records before penning his article his corrections would not, perhaps,

have been so incorrect. He will find by reading Gen. Howe's report that early on the morning of May 3 he was ordered to take up his line of march toward Fredericksburg, immediately in the rear of Newton's Division, which he says he did until his right rested on Hazel Run. He also Sedgwick, he formed his division into three columns of assault, and assisted very materially in capturing that stronghold. He will also find by a careful perusal of Gen. Brooks's report that his division was to the left of Howe's, and took | St. Paul for the South on the morning of Oct. Hights, but did some lively fighting later in and the memorable 'march to the sea,' returnthe day at Salem Church.

Don't plunge out in the dark that way, Cor. | ton to St. Paul, whence they came." poral, but first be sure you are right and then go ahead .- GEORGE I. VAN NESS, Co. E. 21st N. J., Third Brigade, Second Division, Sixth Corps, McLean, Ill.

TOBACCO USERS SMILE SOMETIMES when told how tobacco hurts them; sometimes they don't, because shattered nerves, weak eyes, chronic catarrh, lost manhood, tell the story. If half-sullen look came to his face as I began. I guaranteed tobacco-habit cure, by sending for thanked him for what he had done and told Book titled: "Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke your both him and the Colonel that I was frequently disgusted with the way men could go through

#### PICKET SHOTS.

From Alert Comrades All Along the

Line.

Spanish Fort. WARREN PHELPS, 95th Ohio, Westerville, O., says that at Spanish Fort at 5 o'clock p. m., April 8, the Union artillery opened a heavy fire all along the line on the rebel works, and at 6 p. m. the air was so filled with smoke that the men of his regiment, who were between the guns and the fort, were almost stifled, and could hardly see the rebel gunners as they opened the portholes in the fort to fire. They were within 300 yards of the works, on low ground, in trenches, The regiment advanced on the works about 9 p. m., making some of the prisoners take up the torpedoes that had been planted by the enemy among the abatis around the fort, and then they made a detour of half a mile to the 10 o'clock they were over into the fort, the enemy not making much resistance, as the larger portion of them had gotten away on board the boats for Mobile earlier in the night. The Second and Third Divisions of the Sixteenth Corps charged into the fort before the writer's division did, but farther to the right. There

sert positively what regiment was in the fort Wheeler's breast, and pulled the trigger. But first. the cap did not explode, and the revolver was James Linnedry, U. S. Monitor Kickapoo, Carbondale, Pa., says Spanish Fort would not revolvers were in a circle around the Yankee's have been captured so easily had it not been for head; but Gen. Wheeler shouted, 'Don't shoot! the gunboats, nor would the movement have Don't shoot!' After the Yankee was disarmed, been made by the soldiers had they not known that the fleet was ready to act with them. Men never worked harder than the men of the navy killed instantly;' to which the man deliberately did at that fight. Torpedoes were everywhere, replied: 'I do not know how I could do the and the havoc was terrible. The writer wants cause more good than to dispose of Gen. to hear by letter from his comrades of the Gulf Wheeler.' Who was that man?" Squadron, and especially those who were on the Kickapoo or the Rodolph. wants to know if that comrade is still living

were no Union troops in front of the force to

which the writer was attached. He does not

understand how, it being dark, any one can as-

Marye's Hights. A. P. Benner, Co. I, 6th Me., Williamantic, Conn., writes that his regiment, of Haucock's old brigade, was composed of the 5th Wis., 6th Me., 43d N. Y., 49th Pa., and later on the 119th Pa. They were at Marye's Hights, his regiment being under Col. Hiram Burnham, They marched up from the plain below the city about daybreak, directly in rear of the city, and formed line of battle behind a slight knoll. The whole or part of the 5th Wis, was deployed in advance as skirmishers, and soon became engaged. The writer does not remember as to other brigades and regiments; he was not blessed with a telescopic vision of the entire field, as some comrades seem to have been. About 11 o'clock a movement was made toward the Hights. Up they went, leaving the ground behind them as they passed strewn with the failen, for the fire was terrific from above. They joined the Wisconsin boys half way across the open field. They at last reached a sunken wall, from behind which they poured a there was considerable fighting done inside the deadly fire at short range upon the rebels. fort while Comrade Miller, 76th Pa., was out-Over the wall they clambered, and rushed up the Hights. Into the works they poured and captured or shot those making resistance, which indeed were by this time fow, as the most of the force had left. In that charge the regiment lost 167 killed and wounded out of a force of less than five hundred. The writer does not lay claim for his regiment to capturing Marye's Hights, as some of the boys whose articles he has read do, but simply to doing their duty, and taking the works in front of them, for there were certainly no Union troops

in those works when his regiment got there. A Comrade's Criticisms. H. Clay Marlow, Co. I. 17th Kv., Kuttawa, Ky., writes: "I have been a reader of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE for a long time, and am always much interested in what the old boys say about their old campaigns. Being of a very confiding nature, I always believe just what I see in the columns of "Fighting Them Over." It is true I have been a little mixed sometimes when a comrade writes that the 500th Mass, captured Fort Gregg, and when my next paper comes, another is positive it was the 510th Vt.; or when some literary fellow writes that the Bloody Angle of Fort Fisher was captured by the 400th Me., and the next week another swears it was the 424th R. I. battery that made the grand bayonet charge. To avoid this mixing up in the future, I have determined to destroy the paper just as soon as I read it, and forget all about it before another comes. Capt. Dan Ellis seems to have a cinch on his scouting business, and need not fear anykody will flank him. He has already got Col. Brownlow to be a witness for him. and those Forts Fisher and Gregg fellows never tackled those Tennessee and Georgia mountains, and can't give names and dates on him. Further, there are not many of us Army of the Cumberland fellows who can read and write, so the Captain can fire away at will or by file, or in one time and three motions, just as he likes. Can't you give us a little history of Gen. John Gibbon? We would be glad to know more of a man who has got the cheek to jump on to a lot of old broken-down pensioners, when these same men made him all that he is, and that, too, when he is drawing thousands of dollars out of the Treasury of the United States every year for nothing. He is a beautiful specimen of a soldier. I'll bet this old fossil a canteen of commissary that he would have fought on the other side for 50 cents more per month than he got in the Union army. I will bet him the same he was a fraud and a bigot during the war, and I will double the amount that he is now bidding for a place in the coming Administration. So let the boys in his command write him up. Long live THE NATIONAL | so I would like to hear from them by card, as I

At Vicksburg.

TRIBUNE."

O. B. Lawdey, Co. C, 22d Iowa, McLeansboro, Ill., writes: "Capt. McKinney says the 77th Ill. was in the charge May 22. The Captain and George McCanu. I believe they belonged to Co. K, 77th Ill. I frequently saw them at Vicksburg. The 22d Iowa was in Carr's Division, Lawler's Brigade, Thirteenth Corps, and we went into the charge together. The 22d boys have never said a word against the 77th. I believe they did their duty as soldiers. The 22d Iowa wishes to take no laurels from any regiment. They did their work and did it well; they went wherever they were ing home. Where are we now? The South is | rade's name, for obvious reasons. in the saddle again, and we are called a Grand Army of Beggars, and all kinds of insults are heaped upon us for our work of saving the Pa., says that at the regular meeting of his Post, Nation. Comrades, do you remember that hot | held on Jan. 7, the Chaplain, Rev. A. L. Wilson, 22d day of May at Vicksburg? For that paid THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE a compliment, day's work, with many others, such as saying that every soldier in the country should inson, in attempting to correct statements | Champion Hills, Black River Bridge, and Port | become a subscriber for the paper for the bold made by J. B. Potter and others concern- Gibson, we are called paupers and thieves. stand it takes in the defense of the veteran and Would you have thought then that the work | against the soldier-hating press of the country. we did would so soon be forgotten? What The writer was much interested in the history difference who took the first fort or led the of his old corps (the Tenth), in which he served charge, or was shot on the field of battle? We for a long time. He is sorry to learn that its have given it all up. It is all turned over to old commander, Gen. B. F. Butler, has anthe Southern Brigadier. What is the use of swered the last roll-call. The writer was under telling what we did 30 years ago? Let us Butler at the first attack on Fort Fisher, and be preparing for the next four years to meet | was also there when the fort was taken. the enemy again."

Did Noble Work. A. P. Connolly, 6th Minn., Chicago, says that Junction, Iowa, says: "We Iowa boys are in the issue of Jan. 12 S. A. McNeil, 31st Ohio, | sorry to lose Comrade Harrison from the Presiin answer to Comrade Hendrick, Battery C, 1st | dential chair next March." He also says he Ohio, is right about the 2d Minn. The regiment did not go back to Minnesota in 1862 to TRIBUNE, which is the standard in his home fight the Indians. That bit of work was left to for both old and young, and all read it with the 6th, 7th, 8th and 10th Minn. and the 2d delight. He would like to know what has be-Minn. Cav. "We did the job with neatness and come of Frank Schwinger, of Co. D, 20th Wis., says that, in obedience to orders from Gen. dispatch, subduing the whole Sioux horde and | and if he is alive would be pleased to hear from hanging a few, after which we took our place him. in the columns of the Union army in the South. The 2d Minn., under Col. H. P. Van Cleve (afterwards Major-General of Volunteers), left ing in 1865 by way of Richmond and Washing-

Mich. S. S. are not all dead. There are two in

Wants to Exchange. William Rammage, Hampton, Fla., has a fine orange grove he wants to sell or exchange, on account of a desire to move north for better health, and he will answer all letters addressed

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Information Asked and Given.

cello, N. Y., writes: "When at Rome, Ga., in

December, 1891, I was talking with some ex-

Confederates about the Atlanta campaign, and

one, a member of the 4th Ga. Cav., told me of

an incident that happened near Kenesaw

Mountain in June, 1864, when Sherman was

manuvering to get Johnston out of that

stronghold. Three Union cavalrymen had

been taken prisoners by some of Wheeler's

Cavalry, and their captors had forgotten to dis-

arm them. Gen. Wheeler was standing among

a lot of his men when the three cavalrymen

were taken before him. One of the captors

said, Gen. Wheeler, we have brought you three

prisoners. At the words, one of the prisoners

instantly drew his revolver, leveled it at Gen.

A. P. George, Co. D. 102d Pa., Plumville, Pa.,

who lost his ramrod when the 102d Pa. charged

over the works at Fisher's Hill, for he is the

same comrade who went over with him at the

time the rebs broke for the woods and Lieut.

Hubley ordered the men to shoot or take them

prisoners. He never knew the comrade's name,

but he cried to the writer: "Can't you get me a

ramrod?" The writer stopped a ramrod that

was trying to get away, and he got it. Comrade

George wants to know where he can get the ad-

F. T. Porter, Washington, D. C., says that the

comrade of Altoona, Pa., who inquired of him

concerning the disposition of the battle-flag of

the 122d Pa., found during the National En-

campment, is informed that it was sent to the

Randolph Kost, Co. H, 6th Conn., 18 Ann

street, New York City, wants the names and

addresses of all comrades who were inside of

Fort Wagner in the charge of July 18, 1863, as

he intends to prepare an article to prove that

Rev. C. P. Wilson, Tempe, Ariz., says that he

would like very much to receive letters from

survivors of Co. B. 18th Ohio-three-months

service minute-men, 1861-organized at Mari-

etta, O.; also, from survivors Co. F. 79th Ohio,

organized at Cincinnati, O. He will answer all

such promptly. He was the First Adjutant of

the 2d N. C. M't'd Inf., organized by Gen.

Burnside during his campaign in Eastern Ten-

be quickly answered.

Mich. do not write.

and in New York City.

nessee, and all letters from the survivors will

Thomas Cuttle, Oakwood, Mich., would like

to know why the survivors of the 13th or 14th

Frederick L. Johnson, Co. I, 1st Conn. H. A.,

Box 387, Wallingford, Conn., would like to

know the address of the widow of Capt. Web-

eter Horton, who was wounded at Antietam

A Galvanized Yankee.

G. C. McEndree, Cumberland, O., is what is

termed a galvanized Yankee, and although he

wors the gray for awhile, when he donned the

blue it "struck in" and has gone clear through

him, and he therefore loves to read THE NA-

TIONAL TRIBUNE, and could not do without it.

The stories of the war are very interesting to

him, as he was a witness to many of the scenes

written about. He hopes THE NATIONAL

TRIBUNE may live long and prosper, and that

it will always assert the rights of the veterans

of 1861-'65. At the Encampment at Washing-

ton last Fall the writer met his brother, whom

he had not seen for 35 years and had not heard

from in 26 years, and whom he thought was

dead, and the brother believed the writer to be

dead. It was a happy greeting. They lost

their parents when quite young, and became

separated before the war and had lost the run

of each other. Both had served in the rebel

in the Union army. The writer's brother is an

inmate of the Soldiers' Home at Washington,

having served 20 years in the Regular Army.

Personal.

to read stories that happened in the war of '61-

'65. I belong to Walnut Post, 231, and I am

not ashamed of the badge I wear. THE

NATIONAL TRIBUNE is the first and the only

friend to us old soldiers who saved this Nation.

and we ought to stand by it as a friend to us.

I was in the service from August, 1862, until

June, 1865, in Co. A, 83d Ind., Fifteenth Corps.

Now, comrades, we see who our friends are (es-

pecially in Congress) by reading THE NATIONAL

TRIBUNE. Does any of the comrades remember

the man who gave the 37th Ohio coffee on the

night of the fight at Kenesaw Mountain? If

was the man who gave the coffee to them, after

dusk and after we had made the second charge

Texas a Great Country.

A comrade writing from western Texas, says

that on Nov. 20, 1892, Jim Myland was shot

in the back at Coon's Hall, Comel County,

early that morning. The bullet entered his

back under the shoulder-blade and came out in

his left breast. It was afterwards discovered

that Myland's saddle had been cut to pieces.

showing that he was to be fixed. No arrest.

Judge Martin, a lawyer, while conducting a

case at Mason, shot and killed a juryman who

objected to Martin's treatment of a witness

who was on the stand. The comrade says this

is all that happened on this particular day, as

business is dull," and that perhaps the peo-

in the affairs of life. We do not give the com-

Praise for The National Tribune.

Sorry to Lose Comrade Ben.

G. F. Kern, Co. G. 19th Iowa, Columbus

Can Consumption be Cured?

Nathan Wilson, Co. D, 203d Pa., Downingtown,

on the rebs.

S. B. Isgrigg, Walnut, Kan., writes: "I like

army, but before the war closed both enlisted

headquarters of the regiment, Lancaster, Pa.

dress of some handle manufacturer.

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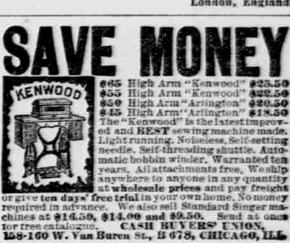
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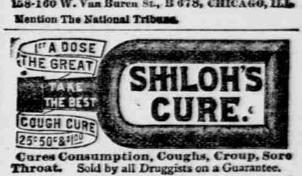
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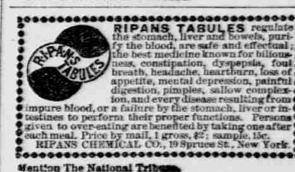
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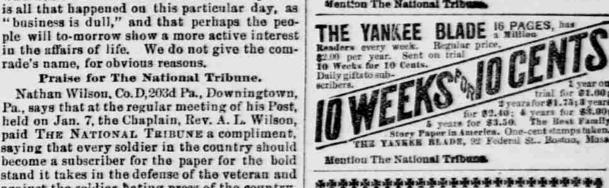


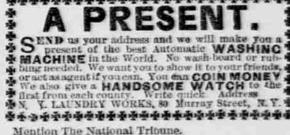
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him which are satisfactory.

This question is an interesting one to all-a vital his division was to the left of Howe's, and took St. Paul for the South on the morning of Oct. one to many. We answer, "Yes," It is, however, no active part in the main attack on Marye's 14, 1861, and took part in many great battles true that in a large majority of cases it is not cured. So great is this proportion that the state-ment that one can cure consumption meets everywhere with great incredulity. Drs. Starkey & Palen, the discoverers and sole dispensers of Com-W. B. Andres, Excelsior, Wash., in reply to pound Oxygen stake their personal and professional reputation on the assertion that they have often cured consumption in their practice of twentyan inquiry under the head of "Why Don't three years. They court the fullest investigation They Write?" says that the boys of the 1st words of many of the best-known people in the country. They will, on request, mail a book which his town, working on the railroad; he is one shows how and why Compound Oxygen cures and Loren Reed is the other. you are threatened with consumption, or if your friend is so menaced, do not give up hope, but rather write us a plain statement of the case, and have pointed out to you, without any expense, a well-traveled way of escape. Investigate and act at once. Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch St., Philadelphia, or Chicago, San Francisco, New York, and Toronto, Ont.